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THE DOMINION PRESBYTERIAN,**P. O. Drawer 563, Ottawa.****C. BLACKETT ROBINSON,****Manager and Editor.****OTTAWA, WEDNESDAY, NOV. 18, 1908**

Three Rivers, says the Montreal Witness, is rising rapidly from her ashes in vastly improved form. The new buildings going up are almost without exception three stories in height, and many of them will be handsome structures. The streets throughout the newly built portion will be wide and no signboards will be allowed to stretch out over the sidewalks.

The British Workman, Young Men, and the Family Friend, all published by the well-known firm of S. W. Partridge & Co. of 8 and 9 Paternoster Row, London, need no words of commendation at our hands. These handsomely printed monthlies should be welcome visitors in thousands of Canadian homes. The November issues, just to hand, are well up to the mark in every respect.

In an article on "The Decay of the Short Story" in the October number of the Fortnightly Review, Mr. Edwin Pugh takes the position that "of all forms of literary art this is plainly one of the most difficult," and most people who have any knowledge of those magazines which in these times are largely given over to such a form of composition will agree with him that "the fairly good short story is a far less common thing than the very good set of verses. The altogether excellent and admirable short story is as rare as the perfect sonnet," he adds.

Some examples of tapestry, designed by Sir E. Burne-Jones and Mr. J. H. Dearsie, are given in the October issue of the Studio, illustrated by a number of reproductions from the Holy Grail series, as well as examples of Biblical and allegorical art. "Morocco as a Winter Sketching ground"—the very name of which suggests feasts of glorious color—is attractively depicted by Mr. Robert E. Groves, verbally and in sketch. The other articles in this number of the Studio are all of present interest and profusely illustrated. Address the Studio, 44 Leicester Square, London, W.C.

REAL EMPIRE BUILDERS.

The Chicago Interior has had recently a series of interesting special articles "On the Far and Fertile Edge of Things Canadian," from the pen of William Chalmers Covert of Chicago. We omit his glowing descriptions of the happy harvest fields of the Great West, in order to find room for what he says regarding the "great underlying vital currents of the higher life" which he says "one touches here at every turn." Writing from some point on the Canadian Northern Railway, he says:

"I saw the little trunk of a school-teacher going into the remotest corner of a sparsely settled section of home-esteasers. When I helped the postman to lift that brave girl's trunk from our wagon and carry it into the one cabin that constituted the Kelvington post office to await her call, I felt as though I was identifying myself with the great uplifting forces of a new land. I gloried in the courage and patriotism of that young woman.

"We drove six miles out of our way to grasp the hand of a divinity student who had heard the call of the unsheltered and measured out to his conscience a circuit that swept through forty miles. He looked the gritty Gospelseller that these churchless homestead regions welcome. He was shaping what as yet he could not see—charging with moral life conditions yet to come.

"These two—the teacher and the preacher—stand for great underlying vital currents of the higher life that one touches here at every turn. They represent that which exceeds in interest the cereal glory and commercial power of these regions. There are the nobler, the more enduring qualities of this region's future, which relate themselves more intimately to its progress than the dollars in its soil or the showy spectacle of its industries. To have looked in upon these vital forces and factors of a coming Empire and seen them at their inception grappling with unique conditions, was to have witnessed a rare and inspiring spectacle in the world's life."

The Canadian Press has suffered serious loss during the past two weeks in the removal by death of three prominent journalists, Rev. Malcolm MacGregor, M.A., editor of the Toronto Presbyterian was called home after an illness of several weeks, the end being hastened by an attack of pneumonia. In the passing of Mr. MacGregor Toronto loses a valuable citizen, the Presbyterian church an able and energetic worker, and a host of people a kind-hearted, genial friend. In the other two cases the loss falls heavily upon our sister Methodist church. Rev. Corlies had scarcely passed middle life, but as a preacher and editor of the Christian Guardian he long ago distinguished himself, and his early death is sincerely mourned. An older man and a great worker, as the Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., editor of the Sunday School publications of the Methodist church. Dr. Withrow was also a prolific author. The list of his published works is large. The best known perhaps is his Catechisms of Rome and Their Testimony Relative to Primitive Christianity, which reached its sixth editions, and which was referred to by The Edinburgh Review as "the best English work on the subject extant." More than twenty years ago Dr. Withrow was an advocate of Church union and was considered "a dreamer of dreams" for his views. He, however, lived to rejoice over the formation of the Committee on Union and to witness a great and favorable change in opinion on the subject among Church members.

AN IMPORTANT QUESTION.

Ky Knoxonian.

Some years ago, the late Dr. Burns, in a speech delivered at the opening or closing exercises of Knox College, or in the old Free Synod or some such place, asked an important question, which has never been answered. The question was, Whose duty is it to prevent incapable young men from entering the ministry? "Surely," said the Doctor, "it is the duty of somebody," but the brave old presbyter did not seem to be very clear as to where the responsibility of doing this disagreeable work lay.

We have heard the opinion expressed that the Presbytery is the place where the unfortunate young man, "doomed to failure," should be stopped. Doubtless, the Presbytery is one place—perhaps the best place—where the brakes might be put on; but it is not the only place. There are brakes academical as well as brakes Presbyterial. Supposing the young man, "doomed to failure," gets through the Presbytery, as he nearly always does, is there nobody further on in the course whose duty it may be to save him from his impending doom?

The question, "Whose duty is it to stop incapable young men from entering the ministry?" is most important; but lest it seems lonely we put a few kindred questions beside it to keep it in company.

Whose duty is it to keep young men out of the legal profession, who are about as well fitted for discharging the duties of a lawyer as they are for commanding an army?

Whose duty is it to keep young men from entering the medical profession, who are as capable of discharging the duties and carrying the responsibilities of a doctor as they are of managing an expedition in search of the North Pole?

Whose duty is it to keep young men from going into business, who are doomed to mortgage their old father's farm the second year, and turn him out of house and home the third or fourth? Such things happen every day.

Whose duty is it to keep young men from getting married, who haven't brains enough, or ambition enough, or industry enough to keep a decent man's daughter in hair-pins, not to speak of a home?

Whose duty is it to keep idle giglets from assuming the responsibilities of matrimony and maternity, when they are as unfit for such responsibilities as they are for sailing the British fleet?

Whose duty is it to keep Presbyteries from squandering precious time over small questions of procedure while great questions vitally affecting God's cause are untouched?

Whose duty is it to sit on ecclesiastical bores who drive on every question in church courts, and never say anything?

Whose duty is it to stop Ontario towns from building railways to carry their own trade into Toronto or elsewhere? This has been done more than once by men who speak in the most pitying, patronizing way of the sad lack of business ability among the clergy.